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THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1900 ARE NOW DUE. THE THREE
XXX'S ON THE WRAPPER INDICATE THIS. KINDLY REMIT TO

DAVID C. PREYER,
13 WEST 28TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

WE can bid grateful farewell to 1899 for what it has done for art in this country. Not a year in our history that has felt more fully the art atmosphere or the impetus to foster the ennobling influences of art culture.

Foremost stands the revelation which the Clarke sale brought. A revelation twofold: the merit of our American artists, and the willingness of collectors to recognize this merit. The usual exhibitions may not have been above the average, the new exhibition of "Twelve Landscape Painters" atoned for the dreariness of the old walls. Yet even the Academy has shown signs of awakening. New men were seen exploiting formerly tabooed tendencies, and its new school regulations marked a step of progress.

There has been imported a higher class of foreign work, and American collectors, heretofore of indiscriminating liberality, have been more exacting, and in consequence were less cheated with the refuse of European marts.

The Navy Arch announced the new birth of monumental sculpture. The National Art Club has at last brought forth in visible form the eternal union between arts and crafts.

The proposition for a union of art interests in this city and country was discussed at a dinner of the Architectural League. It is a move in the right direction. We should have but one exhibition lasting two months, in a large art palace centrally located, to visit which people would be willing to travel thousands of miles. The suggestion of F. Hopkinson Smith to have this palace around Forty-second Street on Fifth Avenue, near the new library and the clubs, in the very heart of the city, should be heeded.

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Of art literature it may be said that works relating to the elementary principles of the fine arts or biographies of celebrated artists have been very rare. A few good books have been published and a great many bad ones. The good ones were generally translations or importations. Many books are nothing but collects from different authors, or generalized individual observations, not always keen or useful. The wishy-washy stuff of artistic biography has but partly been relieved by a syndicate series of biographical articles on the great masters, such as Rembrandt, Holbein, Durer, Van Dyck, etc., which appeared in the provincial press, and were more or less critical, although of popular aim. Of most interest have been the continuation of Dr. Bode's "Rembrandt," Muentz's "Leonardo da Vinci," Michel's "Life of Rubens," Barrie's "Balzac," and John Sartain's "Reminiscences." The Armstrong book on Gainsborough offered nothing new, and was in a few instances biased and unreliable. The metropolitan press and all the important papers of the larger cities have devoted more space and employed more competent critics than ever before, with the exception of the *New York Herald*, which, while claiming to be a

leader among American dailies, has made itself generally a laughing stock whenever it touched upon art matters.

* * *

Art connoisseurship has rapidly progressed. Whatever has been said in these pages, in the efforts to rouse public interest, that savored of censure and complaint, must not be ascribed to a spirit of querulousness, or a disposition that can take pleasure in seeking for faults. I can not refrain from offering animadversions on the bad taste that neglects meritorious specimens of our own national painters, whilst specious trash and meretricious rubbish of every kind is palmed upon those whose judgment of what is true and good borders on the bathos of absurdity. That formidable engine, satire, entered the field on various occasions and assisted with potent wit to attack the confederacy of audacity and ignorance: lampooning quacks and fakirs and their dupes, the omniscient dilettanti, whose penchant for chromos and old masters was well riddled. It brings to mind an old verse that Mrs. Osgood once wrote:

The smiling artist paints to-day
A picture, deeply shaded;
Then rolls and cracks it every way
To make it worn and faded.

To-morrow comes the connoisseur,
All pomp and proud decision:
"Two thousand dollars"; no demur—
He buys it for a Titian.

But a fast improvement has taken place. Lovers of art do not turn with such great avidity to foreign pot-boilers as of yore. The American artists are becoming recognized, and the better amongst them receive increasing support. I know of several collections that have been started of exclusively American works. Likewise have those that admire the old pictures begun to recognize the fraud with which this trade is honey-combed, and they refuse to countenance the private collectors with that wonderful talent of almost daily discovering gems in the gutter with the view of unloading them on the unsuspecting buyer. These latter will now buy their treasures of reputable dealers whose name and knowledge stand for something reliable, or from private persons whose integrity cannot be questioned.

* * *

THE H. S. HENRY COLLECTION.—The half-tones illustrating this number are reproductions of the twenty-two masterpieces contained in the cabinet of gems owned by Mr. H. S. Henry of Philadelphia. All honor should be given to the liberal spirit which actuated him in extending through this journal to the wide circle of connoisseurs, collectors and art lovers which

constitute its readers, an opportunity to see, be it but in an imperfect manner, the best work done by the men of '30 and their closest sympathizers.

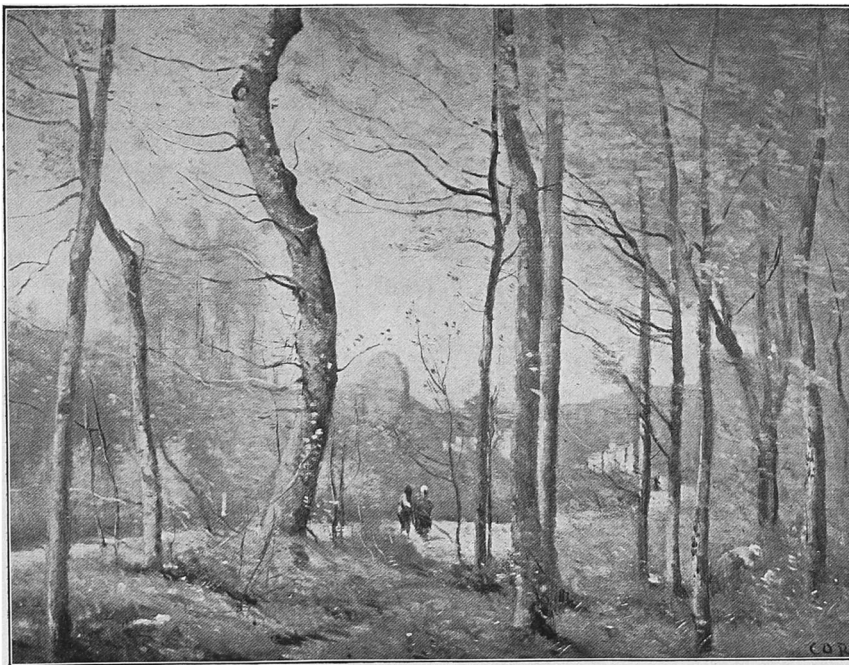
The best work.

In looking over this collection it will be seen that care was taken in its formation. The masters selected are the greatest. No men of second rate are admitted. But the masters have been scrutinized. Even the greatest are not always at their best. Thus there are found here pictures that stand by themselves alone. They need not mutual support. Each one is a unit of excellence: and together they form the choicest collection of pictorial art to be found anywhere.

There are in Nature no two faces alike, no two trees, two water-drops, two leaves, two lights. Corot, then, the sweet dreamer who worshipped Nature, presents faces of his art with varying nuances, and fills them with perpetual life. The five examples in this collection reveal the marvelous scope of his brush, yet always in dignified simplicity, eschewing panoramic magnitude. The leafage of the trees vibrating in the breeze, the many-hued barks, the lifting veil of darkness, the thrilling rays of the coming morn, the frieze of moss, the fringe of fern, the lapping wavelet—these are his brushes, not his models. Did he at first seek breadth and strength and color?—we find it here in the wooded landscape with golden sheen. Did he later simplify his manner and grasp the mysteries of light and air?—we turn then to subdued harmonies which gave him name as "the silvery."

Daubigny was the youngest star to shine over Barbizon, yet nearest to Corot, who was the first. Little of Delaroche's training, though it gave him a sound technique, is found in his work, which has the individuality of genius. His is a style of subtle refinement, directed by an eye peculiarly receptive of the faintest harmonies and the most tender beauties of the scenes he portrays. The lamp of mystery which hangs at the azure vault in his "Farm by the Sea" sheds that veiled light of transcendent charm through the hush of the night, which goes straight to the heart. The local color of his "Oise" banks has the dominant quality of the soft springiness of the green sod, the reflecting placid water, the freshness of the air, and the scent of earth.

The mastership of Troyon, the bluff and bold painter of the herd, rests on the fact that he was born to be the greatest painter of the bovine race. The longer one seeks to escape from one's *métier* the surer the grasp when the natural bent has free course. His early pursuit of china painting, and later of landscapes, did not debar him from his true vocation. It has been said: "His cattle have the heavy step, the philosophical indolence, the calm resignation, the vagueness of look, which are the characteristics of their race." To prove this, one need but look at the richness and potency of natural force as seen in the last acquisition to the Henry Collection: "At the Brook." There is no sentimentality, no drama of gesture, just plain Nature with its heavy masses given in faultless tonality and absolute completeness. For Troyon *had* been a

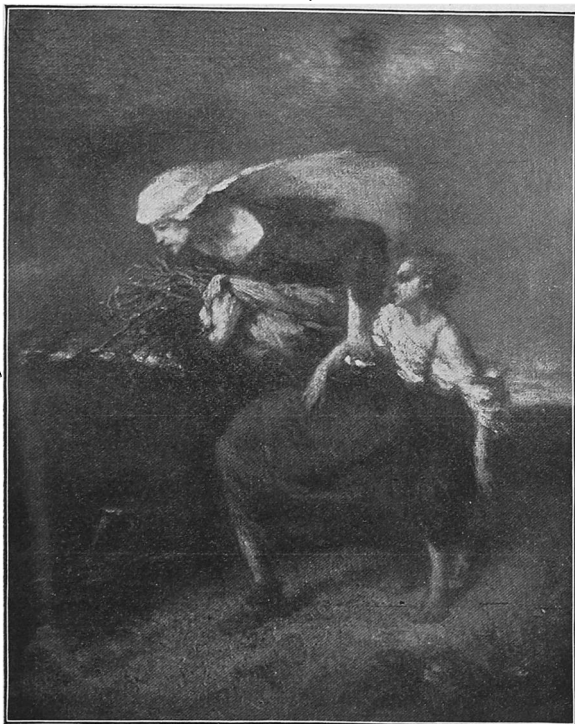


J. B. C. COROT.
VILLE D'AVRAY.

13 x 18.



DIAZ.
WHISPERING OF LOVE.
18 x 12.



J. F. MILLET.
THE COMING STORM.
18 x 15.

landscape painter, and always was one. As to the large "On the Road," time will mellow the colors and enrich the admirably graded values; then it will rank higher than the much overrated "Young Bull," of Paul Potter.

Dupré and Diaz were his fellow-workers at the Sèvres porcelain factory. And these three formed later the bond of fellowship with Rousseau which only death parted. These men thus find a place among the masters. The forest of Fontainebleau was their sketching ground. Dupré was stronger in his mighty skies; Diaz could better read the book of trees, and Rousseau limned "the firm basing of the earth." These three forest scenes hanging side by side give the key to their personalities. In Dupré speak Hobbema and Ruysdael and Constable as with voices from the dead. In Diaz tingles the Southern blood of fire and color. "*Rousseau c'est un aigle*," said Père Corot.

Before Diaz knew Fontainebleau he had loved Paris and models and gaudy frippery. But his craftsmanship idealized his Bohemia, and his nudes in floral bowers, with Cupids floating in the air and whispering tales of love, possess the richness of Correggio's palette. There is a chromatic flight, a wonderful color scheme, a warm, tender tint in his small figure-pieces; it is found in his "Whispering of Love."

There is not a work in existence of Jean François Millet that cannot be criticised; he never painted a picture but wrought a

gem. Criticised because he discarded the canons of art and gives by brute realism a shock to the expectation of conventional beauty. None of Millet's works are beautiful; all are great. There is nothing attractive in the haggard face, the angular form of this old young woman fleeing before the storm. But watch the turbulent sky, the thunderous darkness, the impressive conflict of the elements before which humanity fears.

His neighbor at Barbizon was Decamps, the orientalist of that day, a man of wonderful gifts, yet always dissatisfied with his attainments. No one has ever excelled him in painting sunshine on a white wall. Gericault was another colorist of power, whose love for the horse in wild action is portrayed in this "Horse Race in Rome."

The controlling force in Delacroix's painting is the dramatic note. He was a romanticist, perhaps somewhat exaggerated because he, with Gericault, was of the first to break away from the classic lines of David and Ingres. His was the art to paint with brilliant power a character in a few strokes, and always picturesque.

These are the men which form this most noted collection in this country of the so-called Barbizon school, brought together by unstinted liberality. A description of the individual paintings is found on another page. A great service is done to art in this country by Mr. Henry in allowing a wider knowledge among artists and amateurs of the treasures which may be found in this country, an example which might well be followed by others.

The reproductions, of course, do not by any means do justice to these paintings. With some it was impossible, when the negatives were taken, to control the glint on the varnish, nor is it ever possible to reproduce the values and tonality of a dark conditioned sky like in the large Daubigny. This sky in the original is infused with the light of the moon, which in the reproduction is scarcely visible. The general impression is, however, fairly given.

* * *

Art in government circles at Washington is low down. A queer occurrence is brought out by the short "application refused" marked on a petition which traveled between various departments. The incident is thus:

After the death of Rosa Bonheur there were found in her studios over two thousand paintings, watercolors and sketches. The producing of these relics covered this famous animal painter's entire artistic career of sixty years. They contained studies for large compositions, and many of the finished works in which she had poured more of her love for the dumb creation which were her friends than would permit her to part with them. She loved many of these canvases because they were her best. A catalogue of this collection is now under preparation on which \$20,000 will be expended.

The New York art dealer, Edward Brandus, visiting the *ateliers* where the very spirit of the great woman artist was hovering on each canvas and sketch, was greatly impressed with the importance of these works, which show Rosa Bonheur in a manner by which she is not recognized in this country. He procured permission to select four hundred of the best examples to exhibit for one month in New York city; *not for sale*, but as a tribute to the dead genius, and to disclose to American art lovers a quality of work which would be a revelation.

Surely this importation could not hurt American art.

Mr. Brandus was willing to give ample bonds to protect the tariff requirements. As an educational exhibit there should be no objection to the importation of these works without the payment of duty.

Washington decided otherwise.

These paintings can be exhibited in this country under bonds, but Rosa Bonheur has to come along. Unfortunately this is out of the question.

And so we will be denied the privilege of viewing these pictures, thanks to the loggerheaded dolts that look at the letter

of the law and waive the spirit. There needs should be a stirring in official Philistia.

* * *

Modesty forbids quoting the flattering letters which accompany, in many instances, the renewal of remittances. Such expressions as "important journal," "valuable paper," "has become a necessity," "interesting articles," "timely news," "do not wish to miss a single issue," are like so many bouquets thrown at THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC. The most acceptable of all comes to hand to-day. It is from one of the best known American artists. He says: "I send check for another year's subscription to your entertaining as well as instructive journal." Ah! surely this is "as frank as rain on cherry blossoms." "Speak truly, shame the devil," as Beaumont and Fletcher say. There is no armistice with truth in this sentence. Never was the plain fact more clearly stated. This is the goal for which I strive again, to please and yet instruct; for thus the pill of truth is made palatable by the sugar-coating of entertainment. Thus "I will wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at" (*vide* Iago) if only thou wilt "Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

* * *

Balzac is the greatest name in the literature of this century. Keen in analysis of character, lucid in describing the shades of motives, oft hidden yet powerful in leading to action, fascinating in picturesque portrayal of the human comedy—this is the triangular base on which rests the fame of the Shakespeare of prose.

But Balzac's literary eminence cannot be summed up in a sentence. He was a philosopher, and his philosophy, reasoning from cause to effect, has searched for the heart of men, and with subtle genius he gives its pathology. Then he was a Burton for learning, a Boccaccio as a *raconteur*, a Blake for

imagery, a Gambetta for fiery denunciation—and always pure, even when the most delicate subjects are dissected.

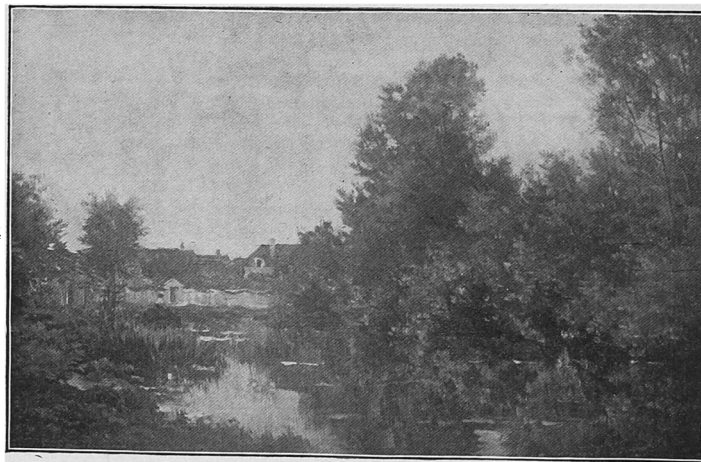
He fared ill with his English translations. Not only was his text garbled and the delicate mosaic of his descriptions oftentimes transposed, but the very genius of his inspiration was lost. That is the reason he does not occupy the place he deserves for the multitude here, though the few have worshipped at his shrine for long.

At last has justice been done. The Barries of Philadelphia have prepared a complete translation of his works, and done this in a manner to atone for Anglo-Saxon neglect of the past. In this translation by the best English writers the finesse of Gallic wit is given in its true shadings, and the very thoughts of the humanitarian scholar have been caught as on a sensitive plate. No expurgations, which are like the cotton drapings put on a Greek god, have been allowed; nor are crisp phrases paraphrased in redundant verbiage.

But the Barries have done more. They have employed the best of French illustrators—for none but his own countrymen can justly interpret Balzac with the needle or crayon—and these have supplied for the author's passages such graphic descriptions as announce a loving regard for the master's meaning.

And as to the mechanical part of preparing this edition. It presents the ideals of bookcraft: solidity, conservatism, thoroughness. The old-style French type is pleasing to the eye, the paper is prepared with care, the printing is spotless—and who but a tasteless Philistine would think of gilding a plaster cast of the Venus of Milo? So the binding is not in a gaudy, heavily tooled manner, for it is the kernel we want, not the shell. The binding is with the untrimmed edges which lend dignity, the gilt top only to catch the dust, and a plain classic label on the outside to announce the rich vein of gold in this mine.

And this we find on opening the books.



DAUBIGNY.
THE FIRST SHADES OF NIGHT.
10 X 16.



THEOD. ROUSSEAU.
FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.
14 x 20.

There hangs now on the walls in the upper gallery of Arthur Tooth & Sons a collection of paintings from the brush of Arthur Hoeber, which by all means demands attention. New Jersey may be derided as being out of the Union—may be it is but a pet chiding, for, barring its mosquitoes, it is one of the most delightful States to live in. I know whereof I speak. On these canvases it is Jersey all over, and so lovingly depicted, such picturesque stretches shown, that it is no hard guessing why some of our best art lovers make their homes there, "across the borders." The meadow stretches, the wooded slopes, the pool or stream—they cannot have been many miles' walk from the artist's Nutley home.

These paintings all possess an atmospheric softness which is particularly pleasing; even No. 17, "By the River," the least finished sketch, has excellent good qualities. In No. 1 and in No. 12 a certain rigidity and hardness is imparted by some black lines defining the trees, which is somewhat disturbing and not in harmony with the otherwise satisfactory results. This could, however, be remedied.

It is a distinct pleasure to see Mr. Hoeber entering the list of one-man shows. His work is worth it. Above all it is American, true and simple, and a breath of Nature unadorned.

* * *

To chronicle the consecutive exhibitions of the National Arts Club, is to record some of the strides which the industrial arts are making. Be it said here to the credit of the exhibition committee that an excellent thought seems to lie at the bottom of their endeavors. It was noticeable in the last, again manifest in the present exhibit. On both occasions there have been shown the accomplishments of the past leading to present day attainments. And these need not be discounted for the early work.

There have now been brought together the kiln products of this country. Old Spanish ware from Mexico, Indian pottery and figurines, pave the way for the latest Dedham, Rookwood, Grueby, Volkmar, and Brouwer creations. There is the brownware of Rookwood, decorated with floral designs in darker tones, together with pieces of sea-green,

iris, tiger eye, and goldstone. The Volkmar tiles and vases possess the artistic stamp of the artist's previous efforts to an advanced degree. The Dedham Company has especially rough-face splash, volcanic, and crackle. The painter, Brouwer, of East Hampton, shows the latest possibilities in his underglazing.

Ancient work is also shown in Oriental ceramics from Babylon, Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Arabia, while fine old pieces from China and Japan fill out the list.

The next exhibition will be one of small bronzes, to open on the 23d inst.

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When one trots down Thirty-fourth street to the ferry, gun-case in hand, for a day's shooting on Long Island, it takes blood that has the antiquarian microbe, and has to pass a place like Robert Fullerton's—to miss the train.

No matter. There hangs an old watercolor by Calyot, showing New York Bay in 1850. It is capital. And inside is an old print in colors by William Ellis, from an original drawing by W. A. Condit, a lithograph published in 1847. Here is the legend underneath:

"The Government House.—The edifice was erected 1790, at the foot of Broadway, facing the Bowling Green. It was originally designed for the residence of Gen. Washington (the President of the United States), but, the capital being removed, he never occupied it. It then became the Governor's house, and was the residence of Governors George Clinton and John Jay. The building was subsequently used for the Custom-house, from the year 1799 until 1815, when it was taken down."

This is a most interesting bit for lovers of Americana. Fullerton's place, when on Third Avenue, was a Mecca for collectors, and these have readily found their way to his new establishment.

* * *

The Raffaelli collection of paintings and dry points in colors which has been on exhibition at the Durand-Ruel Galleries, has been transferred to the St. Botolph Club in Boston for exhibition.



DELACROIX.
THE RESCUE OF THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS.
21 x 25½.



ALEXANDRE DECAMPS.

LES CONTRABANDIERS.

21 x 18.

The residents of the upper West side have amongst them now a gallery which will offer to them, at least in works by American artists, as satisfactory a selection as can be found anywhere in this city. The energetic proprietor, Mr. L. Katz, said to me, "I propose to devote myself principally to American artists"—which is a good business proposition, for they are "getting there." The exhibition in the rear gallery is changed constantly and presents always an attractive and refreshing appearance. At one of the latest exhibits there were seen canvases by Curran, Mosler, Bolton Jones, Carleton Wiggins, Coffin, Thomas Moran, Miner, and others. A new excursion by Verplanck Birney into a sunlit flower garden is a decided treat, as it shows that the artist is not altogether enslaved to his old-men types. Maria à Becket's canvases shows the excess of a certain tendency; her work is paint, not painting.

This gallery will be mentioned again as one worthy of the attention of art collectors.

* * *

A new parlor-floor gallery is opened by Mr. G. W. Carmer, whose upper rooms used to contain, in years past, a fine selection of modern foreign art. With the better opportunities for display it is possible to more fully appreciate the interesting works that are shown. While the arrangements are not all completed, there are already several excellent examples to allow me to assert that a notable acquisition has been made to the Fifth avenue show places.

On the walls are seen some striking gallery pictures by de Neuville and an ambitious canvas by Bernard de Hoog, Israël's pupil, whose introduction to American collectors by Mr. Tooth last year was noted at the time. This is a Dutch country view with boy and cart, and a well carried-out composition. There are several sheep pictures in the collection by modern Dutchmen, who seem to have the first call here. They are by Van der Weele, Willem Steelink, and an exceptionally fine one from the brush of Jan van Essen. On the other hand, variety of display is shown by an impressionistic landscape by Maurice Eliot, a young man and pupil of Monet, which is vibrating with sun colors. Examples by Sisley, Jongkind and Dupré are further to be mentioned as among the many canvases to be seen.

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A visit to Arthur Dawson's studio reveals work of equal interest to that seen at Clausen's Gallery. A fine landscape shows the gentle slope of a hillside on which some female figures are gathering mushrooms; the trees on the right flank the composition advantageously and give an opportunity for the rendering of values in the shadows. A strong, luminous sky demonstrates the good results of glazing in its vibrating tones. Another composition is a figure knee piece of a woman carrying a basket of eggs, which is also extra good quality. The artist has been an assiduous student of Rembrandt's color as manifested by the richness of his tones and the serious impress of his work.

At the Delmonico Galleries there may be seen an interesting example from de Neuville, for the nonce leaving his country's warriors to accept the invitation of the British government to paint in Egypt the types of the "protectors." Here sits an officer of an Indian regiment on his dapple-gray charger, with all the abandon of one who has come to stay. The painting has the spirit of all of de Neuville's military scenes. A "French Interior," by Bonvin, has those subtle light effects, by which the old Dutchman, Pieter de Hooghe, is known. An "Old Crome," "The Glade Cottage," has the poetic charm of the woodland. Choicest among these treasures is a beautiful Mauve, "The Pet Lamb," where a barefooted little peasant maiden is holding up with her apron some daisies to the ewe, while the white-fleeced lamb stands bleating at her side. Two other sheep complete and add animation to this lovely rural scene. The blue apron of the girl keys the luscious greens. It is one of the most attractive pictures of the famous Dutch artist.

* * *

One of the best canvases that has left George H. McCord's easel is at Knoedler's, picturing "Sunset on the Paret, England," with Turner-esque richness. The scene is one where water, sky, docks and shipping are toned with the rich golden evenglow and is further pushing forward the reputation of this well-known painter.

* * *

The annual exhibition of the artist members of the Paris-American Art Association, that club which is doing so much for our expatriated students, will open on the 2d of January, at the Durand-Ruel Galleries in Paris.

* * *

The Navy Arch, as pictured by Raffaelli, is a most striking portrayal of life on Madison Square on a bright autumn morning. No one could have done better justice to the animated scene which the beautiful white structure dominates. The values on the sides of the marble hotel on the left and on the arch and colonade are given in a perfect way, while the beautiful red of the building in the background enriches the color scheme. Of course, the painting is as characteristic of Raffaelli as any of his work, it is bright, cheerful, sunny, full of go. It proves that we have as attractive spots in New York as the Parisian boulevards.

At the Brandus Gallery, among many important examples delectable to the most varied tastes, I noticed a beautiful canvas by Corot, "Morning," showing a shepherd piping to his flock, which is scattered about on the hillside and amongst the trees. This important painting came from the collection of the Countess of Noe, and later from the Stevens Collection, and is in the golden period of the artist.

* * *

A definite indication of the progress of the Arts and Crafts Alliance, and the practical results therefrom flowing, came recently to my notice. It may not be generally known that 75 per cent. of the picture mouldings sold in England to-day have been manufactured in this country. England was first driven to import its materials, like the hardwood, which is very scarce now in the British Isles. Of late years, however, the English frame-makers discovered here a greater variety, more artistic designs, and superior finish in the work done in the States, with the result above stated.

If there is any argument needed for an energetic pushing of the arts and crafts movement, this is a hard-cash one for a clincher.

* * *

Behold the gloom which falls upon a typewriter's office in Broadway, not a mile from Twenty-eighth Street. Another heirloom dashed, another fable: "My mother was offered \$3,000 for this picture"—punctured. How lovingly is it not kept on the wall, and visitors of an inquiring turn of mind are informed that it is the image of Lord Bacon, painted from life by an old master. Some one happened in and was regaled with the story,—and had to invite the owner to take a ride down-town to the Wanamaker store, where he could see the original of this copy exhibited in the Halsey-Stirling course, as the portrait of Gevartius, by Anton Van Dyck. *Sic transit!*

Appropos this Halsey-Stirling course. The Wanamaker store undoubtedly has shown anew its enterprise in providing for its customers, free, an exhibition of the greatest masterworks, transferred on the screen. I have spoken before of the wonderful excellence of these miniatures, enlarged by the most powerful instrument. Mr. Halsey-Stirling's lucid and interesting *causerie* on these National Gallery gems adds greatly to their enjoyment. This is the means whereby the masses will become educated to the art understanding which is now but in its infancy.



J. B. C. COROT.
THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.
13 x 18.

W. H. Shelton, the artist-author, speaks of a novel method of interior decoration, applied in an Adirondack cottage, where over a recessed fireplace a panel of wood was put, stained dead black. Sunk therein were eight plates from which etchings had been printed. These had been inked, wiped and slightly toned and, when dry, a coat of shellac was applied. This gave a happy result in connection with the surrounding woodwork. It is a scheme which deserves mention as such plates can often be procured from the printers.

* * *

The sale of American Paintings at Silo's should not be taken seriously. The prices brought do not indicate at all the value of the works of the artists that were represented. It was apparently a frame-maker's sale, many of the works of the better men being the merest sketches as is evidenced by the fact that of the six examples of Murphy, but one sold for more than one hundred dollars, while none of those by Arthur Parton, ten in all, exceeded that amount.

In this connection I am told that such American sales have some queer inside story. An artist was recently approached by an auctioneer, who offered to take his canvases into a sale for 40 per cent. commission, to be paid by the artist, whether the lot should be sold or bid in—which is rather an extortionate arrangement. I wonder how many artists would submit to such a proposition.

* * *

The attendance at the Pittsburg Exhibition has thus far exceeded the record of previous years, while the intelligent interest of the visitors is shown in that the first edition of the catalogue was exhausted during the first month. Chartran's "The Signing of the Protocol" will be an attraction during the closing days.

The Washington sculptor, Mr. Dunbar, has recently made portrait busts of Rear Admiral Schley, Senator Daniel of Virginia, and Dr. Croffut. He is preparing to begin work on a bust of Admiral Dewey.

* * *

The *London Athenaeum* gives this explanation why living painters are not held in the esteem they merit: "A collector hesitates partly because he looks on a living painter as an unlimited edition, who has no firm quotation in the market, and may yet do things that will send down prices. A critic meets a living painter as a matter of professional duty with a desponding demand that he shall become a Titian or a Rubens. With dead painters not of the supreme order he sees that this was impracticable, and that yet something was left for fame, a positive quality for which they will be always cherished. In the living man's work he will not easily admit this and complains 'You disappoint me; why, oh why, will you not let me persuade you to be a Michael Angelo? For ten years I have given you this advice.'"

There is a good deal to be said on that side of the question. At the same time it should be considered that the best investment in pictures, looking at it from the same practical standpoint as the above, is in the work of living men, if—and there is the great condition—the collector has keenness of judgment and foresight.

* * *

"The picture forgers are still at work. A few days ago I saw an alleged Inness which was to be sold at auction with other 'gems.' It bore not the least resemblance to the work of that artist, but was boldly signed with his name. Is it not about time that we had a Mazet Committee turned loose on this iniquity of forged pictures which flourishes year after year in New York?"—*Macbeth Art Notes*.



JULES DUPRE.

TWILIGHT.

30 x 40.



DELACROIX.

ARAB MOUNTING HIS STEED.

22 x 18.

An artistic copartnership, cemented by matrimonial bonds, is one the firm name of which is Bush-Brown. The two members of the firm, H. K. and Margaret Leslie, work in complete sympathy, as evidenced by the design of a chimney-mantel which I recently admired in their studio. The unconventional female figures supporting the shelf are sculptured by the well-known master of the moulding-stick, as is the pilastered frame around the decorative panel from the brush of the lady partner. The miniature work of Mrs. Bush-Brown has been seen and noted in the "Society" exhibitions, her decorative mural panels, the very opposite in execution, are of equal interest. Her color scheme is soft and pleasing and reminds one of Chavannes' decorations.

A characteristic portrait has just been moulded in medallion bust. It represents the late William Hamilton Gibson, well known some years ago as one of the *Century's* best illustrators, who was author and artist, and with it all a profound student of nature. The bust shows here the virile face, with the hands extended to hold a vine-twig. Enlarged to more than life-size and cast in bronze, it will be sunk into a boulder which hangs over the roadway near Washington, Conn., where Gibson made his home and where this unique memorial will be placed by his many friends.

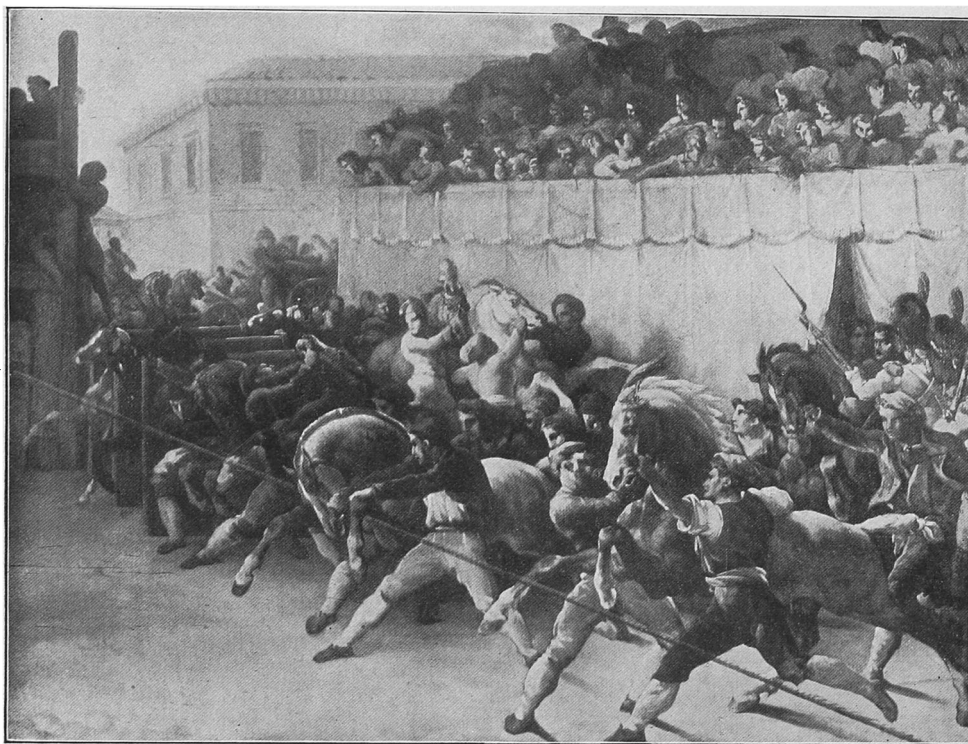
Plastered against the moulding-board is a low relief of a nude child, that shows now in its formative state already the charming lines which we see in Donatello's boys. It is called "The Young Architect," and is a portrait. It promises to be an exquisite production.

Do all collectors belong to artists' clubs? One of the best means to gratify the love for the beautiful is to give it food for information by personal contact with artists. The most delightful hours I spent some years ago in Rhode Island's capital were passed in the quaint structure of the Providence Art Club on Thomas Street. Frank Marshall was at the time pyrographically decorating the door-jambs to the grill-room. What cosy chats in the easy corners we had. How delightful to listen to the brethren of the brush discussing the merits of their palettes, or the drawing in a newly exhibited painting. Every art lover should in this way associate himself with the painters of his town, be it called "Salmagundi," "Paint," "Black and White," "Sketch," "Kit-Kat," "Art" Club or what not.

An advantage is also found in often being able to see work which is not shown in any other way. We have, for instance, at the "Salmagundi" an excellent custom by which a few artists at the monthly meeting hang on the walls their studio sketches. The last time there were contributions by J. Francis Murphy, W. H. Drake, C. Warren Eaton, Homer Lee, and G. Inness, Jr. These sketches—and some were finished pictures—possessed individuality and charm, and were thoroughly enjoyed.

* * *

Philip L. Hale, best-known as the Boston musical critic, is likewise an artist of no small attainments. The first exhibition of his work, outside of the passing shows, is now announced to open to-day at the Durand-Ruel Galleries, where they may be seen for two weeks.



GERICAULT.
HORSE RACE IN ROME.
17 x 24.

Mr. W. Macbeth thus endorses in his *Art Notes* the proposition to have qualified laymen on exhibition juries:

"I often wish the public could have an opportunity to view an exhibition of material selected from the pictures rejected by the juries to whom is entrusted the task every year of putting before the public the best work done by the home artists.

"I know these gentlemen of the jury have a very difficult task and that, as a rule, they do what they can to render a just verdict. But the fact remains that they are so hindered and narrowed by the training received in this or that school that they have no appreciation of the worth of the no-school artist. We have many such untrammelled artists here who do excellent work and the general public sees little of them because of the difficulties put in their way when they offer pictures for public exhibition.

"I do not believe that to artists exclusively should be entrusted the selection of pictures for exhibition."

* * *

The art editor of *The Philadelphia Item* wrote the other day to J. Francis Murphy to ask that distinguished artist when he considered a picture "finished," as certain persons had declared his beautiful "Morning," which received the Art Club gold medal, was only a sketch.

Murphy replies: "When is a picture finished? Do you know what you ask? Mechanics finish pictures—artists never! If I knew just where to stop I would tell you—but I do not!"

Well said!

I have been requested to repeat the list of agents where copies of this journal may be had, and subscriptions are taken. They are:

Moore's Subscription Agency, Brockport, N. Y.
W. J. Danielson, Providence, R. I.
A. R. Kohlmann, Milwaukee, Wis.
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At Brentano's,
And all agents of the American News Company.

* * *

Max Schwedersky, the traveler for the Braun-Clements Company, is a good story-teller. Here is one of the best he told recently:

"A lady said to be well supplied with this world's goods was an interested caller at an exhibit he held somewhere out West. She was

particularly engaged with the portraits, inspecting them carefully. Finally she said: "Say, who are some of the prominent painters besides Raphael and Van Dyck; I'm going to Europe next summer, and intend to have my portrait painted, and of course I want to patronize the best."

"What did you tell her?" was asked Mr. Schwedersky.

"Oh, I mentioned Murillo, Rubens and a few others who have been dead a matter of three or four hundred years, and she jotted them down in her note-book. I hope she gets a good portrait."

* * *

"How the Ship was Built!" Longfellow's poem tells us all about it. The systematic manner described suggests the way in which some collections of old pictures are formed. One, which has been for some time on exhibition in this city got its start and growth in this wise:

There was a man with the name of Leopold, who went about the Bowery buying up pawntickets, and fell in with a song-and-dance man called Weston, whose great forte was collecting old violins. Weston, in his knocking about the country, had the opportunity to buy old pictures for a couple of dollars a piece and these were stored in New York. "The Death of Dido," a wretched copy of Reynolds' famous painting, for instance, was left for ten years in the hands of a Sixth avenue picture restorer. At last Leopold became acquainted with a good-hearted philanthropist and the time to unload had come. And

now there was formed a collection worthy to be framed at an expense of several thousand dollars. One of the pictures may serve as a sample of the whole. It is called a Watteau, and is a painted-over lithograph, such as are manufactured in Paris for the South American trade. A dealer to whom the picture was once offered detected the fraud by slyly sticking a pin through it—and the pinhole is still there. The present owner is however a man of honor and disclaims the attributions under which the paintings were palmed off on him.

Not so scrupulous is the owner of another collection. He loudly proclaims each one of his treasures to be genuine, which, if true, would at close calculation make the collection worth a million dollars. But the insurance bill on the actual cost is but a few dollars. He likewise received pictures from Weston, although most of his finds have been made in Cooke's auction-rooms on 125th street. There he got a Titian for \$10; a Watteau for \$3.50; four in a bunch for \$6; a Velasquez was found in a house in Brooklyn where it had been planted, and so on.

Thus the ship is built. Till the sun of publicity shines upon the crazy craft, and the seams start and the hulk becomes waterlogged and foundered.

And again I say: "Beware of buying old pictures for Old Masters, unless backed by knowledge or a dealer's guarantee."



DIAZ.
THE FAGOT GATHERER.
29 x 24.